

LUCKY'S WISHBONE

By Izola Forrester

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The wind caught the restaurant door with a bang, and almost swept it out of the girl's grasp. Harvey sat at the nearest table, moody and tired in every nerve, but he sprang forward and helped her to close it. She laughed up at him, with a murmured word of thanks, and he returned to his lonesome dinner with a vivid impression of pink cheeks, gray eyes and brown hair that mingled with the brown fur of her cap.

Surely the plump German waitress was Cupid's side partner. Deftly she moved back a chair invitingly, and the girl sank into it, facing Harvey.

"Just bring me a real Thanksgiving dinner, please," said the newcomer, putting back her veil with a little gesture of relief, and scattering some snowflakes thereby. "Anything, as long as it's all Thanksgiving fixings. Oh, and please, I do want a wishbone."

Harvey was very good, considering. He hardly looked at her until the waitress came back and announced that it was very late, dinner was over, and the last wishbone had been given to the gentleman.

Guiltily Harvey glanced at his plate. There it was, undeniably—the wishbone! And she wanted it. He lifted the fork invitingly, as soon as the waitress had gone.

"Won't you let me give it to you?" She flushed and smiled.

"Oh, no, thanks. It was only a bit of foolishness on my part. It—it's my first Thanksgiving away from home, and I always have the wishbone there, and so I asked for it—habit, I guess."

"Mother always gives it to me when I'm home, too," said Harvey, brightening up. "Reward of merit, perhaps. Please take it. I tell you, you take it and nibble all the meat off, and polish it up and we'll break it and wish. That's fair; isn't it?"

"It really isn't, but if you insist, I will."

She accepted it doubtfully, and Harvey felt inordinately happy. He had been up all night working on a heavy assignment, then had put in the morn-

ing dinner this way, when I never saw you in my life before."

"I protest. I'm not 'queer' at all. I carry credentials of all kinds. Want to see them? I'm twenty-two, been in New York four months, and am so doggone homesick that I can feel chilblains on my heartstrings. Maybe before we get through dinner, we'll find out that we know all sorts of people together."

"If we did, they'd all be veterans. I'm from the old southern stock."

"So? It's taken a sudden rise, hasn't it? Oh, I don't mean anything by that, only you seemed so up to date and alive. Say, isn't this the most lonesome town you ever found when you really are from home folks, and hit the place by yourself? I've been throwing coins to ragamuffins all day, and feeling like a real one myself."

"Why didn't you run up home for today?"

"Couldn't. Sent a money order instead. They needed it more than me."

She laughed again, softly, with that sudden uplift of long lashes.

"So did I."

"Did you? Then you understand, don't you? That's why we're here, we youngsters, to make good and send home steady money orders. The governor's been dead up home for five years, and I've got a kid brother in college."

"I've got two at home, little tads, besides mother."

The waitress came with two checks. "Make it one," said Harvey, but the girl protested and took her own. Before she put on her gloves he lifted the wishbone.

"Ready?" There was a challenge in his eyes as they met his.

"Ready," she echoed, and they pulled.

It snapped, leaving two short parts of equal length in their hands.

"I think we both get our wishes," said Nan seriously. "Tell yours, and then it's good-by."

He leaned toward her.

"I wished that I might never lose track of you, Nan."

"I—I am going uptown on the elevated."

"What did you wish?" he persisted.

"You have to tell; on the level, you do; when you agreed."

"I wished that—that you were going uptown on the same elevated."

Harvey bent down and carefully collected the fragments of the wishbone, and slipped them in his vest pocket.

"That is a magic wishbone," he said. "I am not superstitious, Nan Farnslee, from Tennessee, but I think luck is perching on my left shoulder blade at this minute, and I carry his wishbone here. He has 'properly' introduced us, and I defy you to get rid of me. Ready, fair lady?"

Out they passed into the swirling snowstorm. Thanksgiving waifs. But all the glamour of young love was in his eyes as he looked down at her, and Nan was happy.

Socialists Resolutions

Whereas—The theory and policy of the socialists throughout the civilized world has from the first been a policy of peace and opposed to violence (this can be substantiated by the acts of the Socialists' International Bureau in the prevention of two prospective wars; the first between Norway and Sweden, the second between Germany and France); and whereas—the bitterness between the toilers and the profit-takers is becoming more intense under the rule of gold; hence acts of violence on the part of non-socialist wage earners and the slaughtering or crippling of thousands, annually, by criminal negligence on the part of transportation companies, mine owners and big manufacturing concerns who reject or have no knowledge of the theory of socialism:

Therefore be it resolved by the Socialist Local of Liberal, Kansas, that we condemn the crime of the McNamaras and deem them worthy of the penalty imposed. Also we condemn the criminal negligence of all corporations who are guilty of killing and mangling men, women and children in their greed for profits. We publicly denounce the methods used by the chief counsel for the McNamaras, Clarence Darrow, who withheld his client's plea of guilty for political reasons and his own pecuniary gain by misleading fair minded people to believe in their innocence, while urging organized labor to contribute to their defence.

Be it further resolved—that we earnestly urge all citizens of Seward county to study the theory of Socialism as against corrupt capitalism. We ask the publication of these resolutions in both newspapers of Liberal.

E. Needles, Chairman,
D. Fitzpatrick, Secy.

Imported mushrooms and peas at the George Grocery.



and with it, a great amount of Christmas giving. Our large line of
Shot Guns, Carving Sets
Rifles, Coffee Percolators
Heating Stoves Toy Wagons
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will enable you to give presents that will be of real value to those who receive them.

Scandrett & Frost

HARDWARE

AMONG THE CHURCHES

Baptist Church Directory

Sunday School - - - - 9:45 a. m.
Preaching - - - - - 11:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. U. Meeting - - 6:30 p. m.
Preaching - - - - - 7:30 p. m.
Teacher's Meeting, Tues. 7:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting, Thurs. 7:30 p. m.
J. H. AGEE, Pastor.

Christian Church

Regular services at the Hall next Sunday.

Morning service at 11 a. m.
Young People's service at 6:30.
Preaching at 7:30.

We extend a cordial invitation to all.

J. A. Cornelius, Minister.

Presbyterian Church.

Sabbath School 9:45.
Preaching Service 11 a. m.
Young People's Meeting 6:30
Evening Service 7:30
C. W. Kellogg, pastor

Methodist Church.

Sunday School at 9:45.
Preaching services at 11:00 a. m.
Class meeting 12 m.
Preaching services 7:30 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
The morning subject will be "Be Holy." The evening subject will be one in the Commandment series, namely, "The Seventh Commandment or, Adultery."

This church how has a Tithing Band. Those reported last Sunday and since number 74. These classify as follows: Members of this church 59, others 15. Of the 59, 51 are adults, and 8 children. Of the 51 adults 28 are women and 23 men.

Our Sunday school will observe the anniversary of Jesus' birth one week from next Sunday evening at 9:30 o'clock. It is to a giving service in which the school will give gifts of self, service, or substance to the King. Of course the pupils will receive the customary treat.

Rev. H. C. Morrison D. D. of Wilmore, Kentucky, is to be with this church in revival work January 13-28. The church will begin the campaign before he arrives.

If you have no church home in the city, we invite you to worship with us.

Wm. T. Ward, Pastor.

We are still headquarters for pictures and for picture framing. Come in and get your pictures framed before the rush.

F. K. Sutton,

A BET YOU DON'T WANT TO OVERLOOK "THE PALACE CLOTHING CO."

Come on in early and buy your Xmas Goods.
Just arrived the newest in holiday boxes, Ties, Hose, Suspenders. "Presents of the substantial class."
The largest stock of clothing in this part of the country—Shoes and Hats—all the Correct Styles.

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Bags, Suit Cases, Purses,
Pocket Books, Fur and Plush
Robes, Albums, Hangers,
Trunks, Automobile Gloves,
Leather Art goods, Plain and
Fancy Pocket Cutlery.



Wideawake

The Wideawake literary society and the Sunday school jointly held a shadow social at the school house last Thursday evening, the proceeds to be used in defraying the expense of the Christmas tree. \$31.36 was the amount raised. A cake contributed by Mrs. Edwards sold for over \$5.00. There was a large crowd in attendance and all had a good time.

The Christmas exercises and tree will be held at the school house Saturday evening, December 23. There will an interesting program and a treat for all who come.

The following officers were elected for Wideawake Sunday school for the ensuing year:

Supt. A. G. Thompson
Asst. Supt. E. R. Richardson
Secy. H. G. Gartung
Asst. Secy. Geo. Turner
Treas. H. G. Gartung
Librarian L. Bunting

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones, Saturday, December 9, a boy.

Lewis Jester drove up in Haskell county Sunday.

L. L. Bunting and son Hugh, are finishing building a house near Floris this week.

The Wideawake farmers who have opened their underground silos are well pleased with the way the feed kept and recommend that class of silos.

The threshing machine has made its last round of the season, threshed the maize, cane and kafir.

Come out to the literary Friday evening—a rip-roaring time.



Passed into the Snowstorm.

ing at scheduled routine work, and his head felt light. He longed for the breath of adventure, and lo, it had blown in on him in a gust.

"I'll bet my share of the wishbone," he put in presently, "that you're not a New Yorker."

"The wishbone remains unbroken on that," she laughed back. "I'm from Tennessee."

"From Tennessee, and spending Thanksgiving all alone on Park place, New York. What's the answer?"

I was on my way to the elevated and couldn't resist the dinner call. Holidays make no difference with my work. I am a private secretary, and had to clear up the day's correspondence, turkey or no turkey."

"My name's Wilfred Harvey. I'm over on the Daily Grind as special galley slave. That isn't a joke. I'm so tired I can hardly talk straight. Do you mind? You'll vanish in a few minutes, anyway. I may as well talk while I can."

She looked down at her plate.

"Indeed, I do not mind. We have the place here all to ourselves. Think how lonely it would have been if I had been the only one here."

"Don't you like to tell your name?" Swiftly the lashes raised, and she laughed at him. He was more boyish then she had thought, assuredly just a boy from out of town, with a fresh, clean-cut face.

"Why, of course, if you want to know—Nan Farnslee."

"Fine!" he said. "If I had two wishbones, I'd trade you another just for the chance to call you Nan for fifteen minutes, to make believe you were my fourth cousin, don't you know? A fellow always takes in his pretty fourth cousin to dinner on Thanksgiving if he gets the chance."

"Don't you love to tell where you're from?" she asked, half shyly.

"Oh, by Jove, you had me, didn't you? I'm from New Hampshire. Here, I'll put the salt cellar on the Mason and Dixon line. But look out! I'm going to march over it."

She laughed at the absurdity of a move, and then sighed.

"How queer it is to eat Thanksgiving."